COSTUMES OF WAR TIMES.

times! War days! How long ago recollection and reminiscences! r back, it seems, those days so that her, and so historic now, must heir birth from eternity. Yet often by brings back very vividly all the tuous emotions of those exciting and even yet, often in social .neetriends who suffered together in anxious years will converse lingerover the war and its manifold ex-

re are many whose glowing pens portray strange and sad events histories replete with pain, death, ion, wrong and exile. Homes lost a leaf in the storm," as Ouida calls esolation of a village during the of the Commune, to hundreds in e upon hearts that held them dear, must ever bring back, most sorlly, and thought of war, and to writers a vivid reality in descripmust be given, as the ablest writers hose who feel most deeply. could write of Sherman's march,

g of Atlanta with her blackened neys standing like grim sentinels the ruins beneath. I could tell of City by the Sea," looking over the s with ruin in her walls, and picture unious days and months with the after the shells had ceased to stare alarmed air I stood upon the ry alone, and in the peaceful silence I wandered by the ruined Cathedral, saw the Circular Church wreathed creepers, all silvered by the light, softened but revealed the ravages ursting shell. The ocean dimly ured far away with an unquiet roar ays, the days of hatred and of strife. ne bring back some other themes in ection with Confederate life less

street. On all sides nothing was assured the host the best course to pursue e was a feverish excitement pervad-I remember a rebel concert giver ailed when the two hundred girls ern land, for her brave soldiers and R. Cobb was present on this occa, and was at the time full of field. THE SERIOUS SIDE OF WAR.

ears after I saw one memorial day cession of young girls placing upon soldiers' graves laurel crowns and clems of a warrior's deathless fame. I recall the going of our soldiers far home and tender love to battle and ore gallant picture of the soldiers our Southern youths afforded. It marvellous how bravely they bore life of danger and exposure. Among letters I read with unabated interest I the details of fight, skirmishes and tiles, in which those dear to me bore to part and appropriate fills. ve part, and amazement fills me to

he battles of Seven Pines and around mond brought anguish to many es, and in my own home anxiety be d words filled us, when, after a long si-ce, a message was brought, summoning from home to those who lay at death's , from terrible wounds. Never can forget the history of that journey ich a loved one took. The fight was ing near Richmond, and hourly hun-ds of the wounded were brought ds of the wounded were brought thin the limits. All day long, outside building, which was filled with dead dying upon the floors, could be seen coffins in construction, and the rude mering filled the air. The food at s time of panic consisted solely of rmilk and blackberries, in this escial building, and the sufferers were nost perishing for water. Fortunately, istance was soon rendered. Experices full of suffering were endured by mbers of my family, in following the my, to join the wounded, and to render sing attention. But these are divised. rsing attention. But these are stories horror, and I will instead give some mpses of home life in those demoral dimes.

By this time the Confederacy was filled th battle songs, breathing the very sit of music, and overflowing with aliment and pathos. "We'll conquer we'll die," "When this cruel war is we'll die," "When this cruel war is er," and "My Maryland," were the niliar household songs, and Father an's poems, and those of many others ircely less gifted in this line, were lited with a depth of feeling unknown, in days of warfare. Soon "The cant Chair" and songs in the minor provailed, for sorrow enveloped the prevailed, for sorrow enveloped the as a veil. Literary cultivation was at classical, for few novalists existed ere re-read and borrowed freely. The ature of Confederate newspapers was mething marvallous, and the columns are filled only with war and rumors of

I received once a collection of papers ad illustrated monthlies from Virginia, int me by an officer whose command ad surprised the enemy's encampment ad conted them to take possession of all ey precipitately left. The valuables are prized very highly, and what made sem especially valuable was suggestions. Fregard to fashion. How infinitely about that any interest should have atched to style among Southern women, ut it was certainly true, more particulty as our prevailing modes were a dictionary of the contrast. Individuals in society cre wall known by their garments, many aking no effort whatever in regard to received once a collection of paper aking no effort whatever in regard to lange or alterations. Exchanges were wever, sometimes made to insure vari y and freshuese.

GROTESQUE BONNETS AND GOWNS. Among the strange articles utilized ere Guinea feathers in the formation of onnets. I saw one once, completely prered with them, which gave the be-older temporary vertigo from the innu-terable spots. The front of this marvel

was filled in with twenty camellias made I saw during the war were the soldiers of Gen. Williams, of Kentucky. Their fine horses gave an air of invincibility to the command, and the men were so stalwart and splendidly developed. I recall a young officer who was mounted on a superb steed, glossy and black as night. The dashing cavalryman, in his suit of gray, with boots and spurs and floating plumes, was a young Mars from his gold ten head to his horse's hoofs. They looked—these Kentuckians—like ideal soldiers, and were brave and gallant enough. If our soldiers were brave, so was filled in with twenty camellias made of goose feathers dyed. Bonnets of pal-

give information to our soldiers when Sherman was on his way to Atlanta. The country far and wide was filled with soldiers, and skirmishing was of constant occurrence. By her efforts many lives were saved, and as she returned homewards the shot and shell were falling thick and fat around her Leter. thick and fast around her. Later, a desperate encounter took place in her father's yard between the contending father's yard between the contending armies, and her courage was wonderful in assisting the wounded and in baffling inquiries from the Yankee officers, who made headquarters in her home. She still managed to give important information, and defied detection. This girl is of an ancient family, and soldier blood is in her veins. Her grandfather was a general in the United States service many years before her mother was many years before her mother

UNBIDDEN GUESTS AT A FEAST. or that time interested the family, and the attendance was unusually large. Just in the rear of the house where the enterencamped, and during the day many of the command in passing back and forth discerned some excitement was prevailing on the premises. Several soldiers announced openly their intention of being present, and as the guests comof the brigade, the astonishment of those the command also arrived. The beautiful grounds were filled by the soldiers ell do I remember, though but a slip of a girl, the wild excitement secession, when all fierce, rebel ens wore the badge of sympathy.
chool books were never taken unless
badge adorned the left shoulder for the guests but to quietly await
their going. Many of them were under
the influence of drink, and the officers

was simply not to notice them. They were perfectly respectful to the ladies, and did not intrude into the parlors at all, but remained waiting for supper they hich every pupil wore a distinctive ame of Confederate colors, songs of thern zeal and full of battle spirit sung to the roll of a drum, which supported by a child who was draped a banner. The wildest enthusiasm a banner. The wildest enthusiasm hats being exchanged. Many humorous hailed when the two hundred girls things occurred that will at present things occurred that will at present, however, be too lengthy to detail. The supper was not even seen by the gentle-men who were guests, but I fancy after all it was well bestowed. Later this Groundnuts and parched okra and command was removed several miles out coffee, and sometimes sweet potatoes. Innumerable delicacies were originated. attending service held at the encampment. There was something very impressive in the hymns and prayers rising heavenward from beneath the arching forest trees. From the earnest listening faces on

> me, and it was in a section where all the men, all the horses, all the mules had expressed it. I mention this to some idea of how the people managed some matters when left to their own devices. In front of me was slowly moving one of those old-fashioned high-up carriages, with the interior steps all folded up; the kind driven by our parents and ancestry generally. A near approach revealed that two little oxen were harnessed to supply the lack of horses, and they leisurely strolled along in spite of the repeated adjurations of the superannuated daddy who drove them; occasionally he would lie down the superannuated daddy who drove them; occasionally he would lie down against the dashboard, to better enable him to reach them with his whip. This equipage was the property of a worthy equipage was the property of a worthy family that had gone heart, and I may say purse, into the cause, and they estated and cause the property of a worthy family that had gone heart, and I may say purse, into the cause, and they estated it all lightly. These small matters are scarcely worth mention, save for this reason: They serve somewhat to give an idea of what were the inconveniences endured by Southern women, who freely gave their all to the Cause, and to the flying feet of freely gave their all to the Cause, and to the flying feet of freely gave their all to the Cause, and to such that it is about to bust. But, speaking in all seriousness, my boy, if I had a dozen sons I should be glad to have each and every one of them the bank to any society, and represented the best didn't do any jumping as you made application, you can console yourself with the reflection that it is about to bust. But, speaking in all seriousness, my boy, if I had a dozen sons I should be glad to have each and creating additions. equipage was the property of a worthy family that had gone heart, and I may prove how ingenious necessity will render us in providing substitutes for what was once esteemed abrelutely indispensable.

PREPARING FOR THE RAIDERS. Not very long after this an alarm was given our town by the report of a near approach of the enemy's forces. and in every household panic prevailed.

The first night of the alarm a tempest raged, and in the midst of pouring rain my sister and myself carried a large box of silver to the remotest corner of our being inspected as The first night of the alarm a tempest raged, and in the midst of pouring rain my sister and myself carried a large box of silver to the remotest corner of our large garden to secrete it safely in the earth's deep breast. Well do I recall how difficult I found the hard frozen ground to impress, and it was only by the blinding flashes of lightning we could see what we were accomplishing. We alternated in supporting our umbrella, which was dyed in some Confederate which was dyed in some Confederate discovery, and in the toil before us until both were exhausted. Upon returning to the house we discovered the rain had so completely saturated the umbrella the dye was pouring in inky floods from every point and had converted both of us into minstrels to outward seeming. tained in my vain efforts to remove the traces effectually. The morning after this episode we concluded for some reahad so completely obliterated every trace of our work a week was required to re gain its possession, as neither of us could exactly locate the spot. We were quite persuaded for some time that the treach-erous lightning had betrayed our occu-

A near neighor came to see us in this time of pedi, and in consequence of her having arrayed herself in dresses over dresses, in order to save at least clothing in the event of a stampede, she found it eccentric woman known to me induced impossible to ascend our flight of steps from the weight of her garment. Being ginia a kind of helmit for each soldier, made of the gayest kinds of figured round she entered, but then discovered cloth. She was a year manufacturing the could not sit down. I accompanied these fantastic disguises, and was informround she entered, but then discovered she could not sit down. I accompanied her home, a. d then discovered a small child of her family struggling in the effort to pull on a second pair of shoes, preparing for flight. I met a lady at this time who was wearing a buttle of spoons and forks, and whose movements were considerably impeded thoreby. When our actual refugeeing took place we were

gray, with boots and spurs and floating plumes, was a young Mars from his golden head to his horse's hoofs. They looked—these Kentuckians—like ideal soldiers, and were brave and gallant enough. If our soldiers were brave, so were our women in a high degree; but to others I yield the graceful task of eulogizing Southern womanhood.

I know a girl who rode through the storm of a winter's night, many miles, to give information to our soldiers when Sherman was on his way to Atlanta.

Worth of goose feather flowers adorning the inside. Once, by some odd chance, a young lady of my acquaintance was so fortunate as to have sent her a hat and a pair of balmoral boots, with a skirt to correspond. These treasures were sent by a blockade runner, and a reception was held to display them and to allow others the privilege of trying them on. I afterwards often saw the balmoral skirt, worn very guilelessly, with simply an antique velvet jacket.

The most ingenious dress I remember

The most ingenious dress I remember during the war was a black silk, made from the covers of worn parasols, the umbrella form being preserved. It was regarded as being very stylish, and was lined with a mosquito netting, which had been presented the young lady by an officer who had been stationed on James Island. The buttons on the dress had been in battle, and were much valued by the owner. At this time, North and abroad, dresses were worn very high in the throat and the skirts quite gored and tight in front. The women of the Con-federacy wore their dresses the same ength all around, a little longer if anylength all around, a little longer if anything just in front, necessitating a slight holding up by the aid of one hand always. The neck was very much exposed, being worn half high often. Once I saw a very thin woman attired in this style, wearing around her throat a chain and locket. The latter had slipped around and was half hidden down in the hollow of her collar-hone, just beneath her left. A singular evening entertainment was attended by me late in the war. A young soldier having returned home on leave of absence, his parents gave him a welcome, with all his friends, to enjoy an evening's dance. Superb arrangements delighted with her toilet, and indeed so was I. The first lady who visited our town wearing a high dress at the throat, with a ruche above, was regarded with much suspicion, it being commonly believed the throat was badly scarred, from her effort to completely hide even a glimpse of its slender column. So we perceive both styles of dress claimed disadvantages.

disadvantages. ring the war, and immediately upon its close hastened to Georgia longing to look once more into faces of relatives and friends. The first Sabbath at church she wept unceasingly, and smiled at times. Coming home she said no one could possibly imagine how queerly everything looked to her in point of costume, ear form seeming a comic picture and ap-pearing almost as if there had been a rivalry in each to excel the other in these effects. This impression existed only in regard to the women. She wept in realizing how painful must have been the years and anxious months to those so dear to her, when the effect was evinced even in any thing so paltry as mere

MYSTERIES OF THE CUISINE. In those days of self-denial there were wonderful things in the cuisine doments—much that was myste Raspberry leaves were

Persimmons and black favorite ingredients for fruit hickory-nuts and Persimmons dried in brown sugar replaced was much enjoyed in this manner: "After dining she would take down from interest became more intense when will may interest became more intense when would never have imagined they in my widewed mother's face a look even dreamed of feetivities.

I rode some distance during the war on one occasion to witness a camp-meeting ladies to enjoy the repast first; very often the gentlemen left the room until their is easier. Make your way to some lake or seaport, and most any captain will arrangements for the feast, and it was whispered around that chicken salad in profusion would be given. The ladies and a rope were first served, and the hostess said, assist him. when the less favored ones entered the room for refreshments, a tall, ungainly soldier-boy commenced looking anxiously over the board, and finally, in a disgusted manner, said: "I believe, in my heart, the blamed women have caten all the salad!" He was only appeased by Confederate fruit cake-strong of molas-

ses and pepper.

Our town was filled with refugees from southern girls, in light dancing, often on summer nights. The refugees seemed to accept their exile cheerfully, and when-ever any soldier came home his sojourn was enlivened by merry-making and cheery society. You might see at some picnic, given in honor of severi returned n was picnic, given in honor of severl returned near soldiers, many young girls, clad in home-Now spun, with faces as coquetish and arch as d fro."

Among our refugees was a bright question a box containing an old lady's supply of caps and innocent face pow-

experiences were annoying and, in some respects, quite amusing. For two months a command of Yankees were stationed on her plantation, and every day her house was filled with soldiers. She informed me her scant and unfashionable wardrobe was subjected to cutting remarks. The soldiers unhesitatingly opened her bureau and wardrobe for free nspection.

THE PASHIONABLE PASTIME. Every Southern woman became interested in sewing societies, and knitting was the fashionable fancy work. I invariably knitted the first sock of a pair a size smaller than the second, and was thus compelled to always give in two pair to other's one in order to secure

Perhaps the most superb body of men me through the mists of years. AFTER THE SURRENDER.

At last there dawned that day so memorable to us all, the surrender. We could not at first accept it as truth; but I an officer of the Confederacy on his way to the Trans-Mississippi came to my home, telling us much of vital interest and asserting he would surrender. I recall, as we were talking with that keen interest which always follows any question of great moment, that a servant asked if the Colonel would for one moment go to our gate, some one desired to see him? His body servant was in waiting with two superb horses, and his intention was to leave our city in the afternoon, avoiding the Yankees as best he could through the country. All his plans were altered in one moment's time; he discovered in one glance the Yankees were with his watch and horses, belonging now to some one else. The faithful negro refused to leave his master, and next day after he had been to headquarters with the Colonel decided to follow his fortunes. became very conspicuous in the house-hold of the ill-fated Emperor Maximili-an. After his downfall he once again became a wanderer, and when I last knew of his fate was in service promi-nently under the Khedive of Egypt.

In the square next my home, upon the

In the square next my home, upon the morning of Yankee domination, an elderly gentleman was just issuing from a gate having enjoyed a morning call upon relatives, little dreaming of the consternation all over the entire city. He was politely accosted by a mounted horseman, who desired to ascertain the hour of day. Most courteously he re-sponded, and in an instant the watch had changed owners. It was a fine specimen of sleight-of-hand.

At night the neighborhood discussed many little incidents that had rendered the day memorable. I can see the home picture still under the light of Confederate tapers, which, by the way, looked antique. They consisted of yards upon yards of cotton thread, twisted into strong cords and wound in pyramidal form, the summit being ignited, wax, oil, &c., being freely used in the composition. In the fading light our circle sat, bearing within our hearts the knowledge that our hopes and fears were ended in connection with our Confederate dream. Furled indeed was our banner, and wearily it rested in silent hands

Short Talk With the Boys.

Come, now, my lad, but you want to run away. No boy ever yet reached the age of 15 without having several times firmly resolved to leave home. When a f this sort he ought to carry it out by all means. The first step in the programme is to begin saving up bread and meat. When you have a bushel or so of provisions hidden in the barn or under the wood shed you are ready for the bat-tle with the cold world. Make your start at night. This will prevent the sun from tanning your complexion, and you will be quite certain of the company of a tramp or two.

Some boys leave a note pinned to the pillow of their bed. This note goes on to say that the boy has been jawed, bull-dozed, starved, pounded and knocked down and dragged out, until he has made up his mind to sever the connection. He will never be heard of more.

or seaport, and most any captain will take you. If he can't disgust you with the sailoring business in about a week, tar buckets, sea-sickness, poor provisions and a rope's end will be called upon to

Perhaps you want to become a mighty hunter? Alighty bunters are not made in a few days or weeks. You want to nails grow, sleeping in a swamp, and wasting \$2 worth of amunition to kill a

ten-cent chipmunk.

If you have decided to become a bank clerk, well and good. Make tracks for the nearest city, and the first bank you enter will jump at the chance of employing you at a salary of \$200 per month. If it should so happen that the bank

disease called "swell-head." There's a heap of romance in the idea of running heap of romance in the idea of running away. You think of the sparkling sea, the green prairies, coral strands, robbers' caves and pirates' treasures. You feel that you know so much more than your both of you to remain in the same house, You have been forced to go to school, and have been ordered to split wood and go to the grocery after butter like a common slave. Don't stand it any longer! Pick up your duds and leave the house and

go forth into the world.

What! Come to a full stop in the road before you are a mile away! You've got a peck or more of sour meat and moldy bread in a pillow-case, seventeen ceuts in your pocket, and just think how your father and mother have missed you road before you are a mile away! You've nt home! The romance begins to wear off, eh? You don't care balf as much about mermaids and palm-groves and pirate ships as you did an hour ago. You hate to leave mother after all, and perhaps father isn't so much to blame for bossing you around. Come to think it all over perhaps you'd better return home and try and stand it for a few more

Meks.

Ah! my son, but we've all been there!

All these wrinkled and dignified and bald-headed old men you meet on the streets have had about the same experihave packed our bundles and slid out to escape parental tyranny. Eight out of ten of us have slipped back again, too, and the experience was the right sort of medicine for the disease. Any time you come to feel that you are a poor, over-worked and downtrodden boy, and that if you only had a fair show you'd know more in a minute than your father does in an hour, just skip. There's nothing

— The Rev. J. L. Vass, pastor of the Baptist Church at Spartanburg, has accepted a call to Americus, Ga.

- The Rev. E. C. Hall, of Boston. ner nome, and then discovered a small child of her family struggling in the effort to pull on a second pair of shoes, preparing for flight. I met a lady at this time who was wearing a buttle of spoons and forks, and whose movements were considerably impeded thoreby. When our actual refugeeing took place we were too much alarmed to enjoy the innumeration and solution of the spirit of self-sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing the sacrification is a sacrification of the sacrification o

He Ruminates Over Love, Courtship an Marriage.

Married and gone. It is the same old story. Love and courtship. Then comes the engagement ring and a blessed interval of fond hopes and happy dreams and then the day is fixed—the auspicious day that is never to be forgotten—a day that brings happiness or misery and begins a new life. Then comes the license, the permit of the law which says you may marry, you may enter into bonds. The State approves it and the law allows it and it will only cost you a dollar and a quarter. Cheap, aint it, and yet it may be very dear. Then comes the minister, and the happy pair stand up before him. In the did not to death in a month after they were born, and sorter like the cows in Florida. I heard a Florida man say the other day that a Florida cow didn't give enough milk to color the coffee for breakfast and they had to raise the calves on the bottle. Getting married ought to be a considerate business. Folks oughten to get married in a hurry, neither ought they wait four or five years; six months is long and the happy pair stand up before him and make some solemn vows and listen to a prayer and benediction, and they are In a moment the trusting maid has lost her name and her free will and is tied fast to a man. Well, he is tied fast, too, so it is all right all round I reckon, but somehow I always feel more concern about the woman than the man. She is

a helpless sort of a creature and takes the most risk, for she risks her all.

We gave him a cordial nelcome into the family, and we kissed her lovingly and bade them good-bye, and the children threw a shower of rice over them and an old shoe after them, and they were soon on their way to the lead they were soon on their way to the land of flowers. She was not our child but was almost, for Mrs Arp was the only mother she ever knew and we love her.

I sat in my piazza ruminating over the many happy marriages as there seem to be. Partners for life ought to be conge-nial and harmonious in so many things. When men make a partnership in busiwhen men make a partnership in business they can't get along well if they are unlike in disposition or in moral principle, or in business ways and business habits. But they can't dissolve and sepanabits. A man and his wife ought to be alike

n most everything. It is said that folks ike their opposite, their counterparts, and so they do in some respects. A man with blue eyes goes mighty nigh distracted eyer a woman with hazel eyes. I did, and I'm distracted yet whenever I look into them. But in mental qualities and emotional qualities and tastes and habits and principles and convictions and the like they ought to class together. Indeed it is better for them to have the same politics and the same religion. And so I have observed that the happiest unions as a general thing are those where the high contracting parties have known each other for a long time and have as-similated from their youth in thought and feeling. When a man goes off to some watering place and waltzes a few times with a charming girl and falls des-perately in love and marries her off hand, t is a long shoot and a narrow chance for happiness. Why, we may live in the same town with people and not know as much about them as we ought to. I never made any mistake about my choice of a partner for the dense of life. f a partner for the dance of life, but I've thought of it a thousand times that if Mrs. Arp had known I loved codfish and got up by daybreak every morning she never would have had me. It was nip and tuck to get her anyhow and that would have been the feather to break the camel's back. Well, I'm mortal glad she didn't know it, though I am free to say that if I had known she slept until the second ringing of the first bell for breakfast and was fond of raw oysters, it would have had a dampening effect on my ardor for a few minutes, only a few. up his mind to sever the connection.

He will never be heard of more.

When you have packed up your little bundle and are off it will be well to settle upon some plan for the future. Perhaps you want to be a sailor? Nothing the property of the property o cooking codfish for me and fixing it all up so nice with eggs and cream, and it is a touching evidence of my undying devotion to her to see me wandering about the house lonely and forlorn every morning for an hour or two, and forbidding even the cat to walk heavy while she sleeps. That codfish business comes to me honestly from my father's side, and my mother put up with it like a good, considerate wife, and we children grew up with an idea that it was good. I've heard of a young couple who got married and went off to Augusta on a tour, and the feller stuck his fork into a codfish hall and took a hite. He choked it down ball and took a bite. He choked it down like a hero, and when his beloved asked what was the matter, replied: "Don't say anything about it, Mandy, but as ours as you are born there is something dead in the bread."

Well, we can make compromises about all such things as habits and tastes, but all such things as habits and tastes, but there are some things that won't compromise worth a cent. If a girl has been brought up to having a good deal of freedom and thinks it no harm to go waltzing around with every gay Lothario who loves to dance, and after she gets a feller of her own, wants to keep at it and have polluted arms around her weist she had polluted arms around her waist, she had just as well sing farewell to conjugal love and domestic peace, for it is against the order of nature for a loving husband to stand it, and he ought not. There is another thing that ought to be considered, and that is age. A few years makes no difference, but an old man had better be careful about marrying a young wife. He won't be happy but about two weeks, and then his misery will begin and it. and then his misery will begin and it will never end. It may be better for a woman to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, but she had better be neither. When a young girl marries an old man for his money she has gone back on herself, for money don't bring Ah! my son, but we've all been there!

All these wrinkled and dignified and bald-headed old men you meet on the streets have had about the same experience. We've had the same peried of "awell-head," and eight out of ten of us have packed our bundles and slid out to escape parental tyranny. Eight out of ten of us have slipped back again, too, and the experience was the right sort of medicine for the disease. Any time you

er make a good wife. This wife business is a very serious business. It is right hard work to play wife. The mother of six, eight or ten children has seen sights. She knows what care and work is, and one of these do-nothing-women can't stand it. If she is not a used up institu-tion with one child, two will finish her and if it wasn't for condensed milk the children would perish to death in a detting married ought to be a considerate business. Folks oughten to get married in a hurry, neither ought they wait four or five years; six months is long enough for an engagement, I don't mean children. I mean grown folks who have settled down in life and know what they settled down in life and know what they are about. There is no goodlier sight in all nature than to see a good looking, healthy young man who is making an honest living stand up at the altar with a pure, sweet, good tempered, affectionate, industrious girl and the parents on both sides approving the match. Then the big pot ought to be put in the little pot and everybody rejoice.

Bill Are.

OLD "ROUGH AND READY."

Mexican War Campaigner's Person

When our command joined the army len. Taylor was the hero of the day. farmer with not the first military insigclothes. There was not a subordinate around his headquarters that was not better dressed. Verily his name, "Rough an old farmer only accustomed to horseback exercise when he had occasion to

ride to town once in a while. Your correspondent is not advised as to what were the religious preferences of Gen. Taylor. He had fallen into the habit so common in the army, and pointedly emphasized his remarks as occasion required. He had none of that bombast about him that even some of his lowest subordinates manifested. In social conforget his rank, and oftentimes had a kind word for the poor private. On one occasion we had to cross one of those swift-running mountain streams, the water of which was over waist-deep, and a sick and weakly-looking soldier was standing on the bank. I suppose meditastanding on the bank, I suppose medita-ting whether he should take the venture the situation, assisted the poor soldier up behind him and carried him over the

water. I saw that, and heard that address, but she proceeded to get very soldier long after the war brag that he angry, and said that if they could not take her money without question that Gen. Taylor was always in the thickdestitute of fear as a rock. He rode a milk-white horse-Old Whitey-which seemed as clumsy as its master, and from long association seemed to have adopted some of his peculiarities. Gen. Taylor rode Old Whitey throughout the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. Ho was dressed very plainly; wore a common soft hat and an old faded cassimere coat, which his old soldiers informed us he had worn for many years. This coat received its first wound at Buena Vista, feit, and the firm was just \$1,000 out of pocket. Smith engraved the plate from long association seemed to have adopted inches below the other, passed through both lapels. The writer, though with Gen. Taylor's command for nearly a year, never saw him dressed in full uniform, except on the occasion of the departure of the remains of our regiment for home. We had struck our tents, packed our knapsacks, and the last act of our departure from Walnut Springs was taking leave of our old chief. were formed in line, and he came out in our front dressed in regulation uniform. cap a pie. He was visibly embarrass and not a heart in our command but what was touched. With some awkward

A certain protentious shopper, after teasing the clerks of a dry goods store beyond the forbearance limit, pompously ordered a spool of thread to be sent to her house. It was agreed that she should be made an example of, and a warning be made an example of, and a warning to her kind. She was surprised and her neighbors were intensely interested, for false imprisonment. His papers are in the hands of British Minister West, common dray drawn by four horses, protection of the will recover anything. Now I wish to call your attention to two curious facts.

THE SECRET SERVICE CORPS.

Inited States treasury building. Mr.

Anight, one of the officials, said : "The

operations of the corps of secret service detectives extend all over the country.

There is not a city or hamlet in the United States which is not liable to receive a visit from one or more of the watch to suppress the counterfeiting of the coin and paper money. The move-ments of our officers are, of course, from the very nature and danger of the work in which they are engaged, kept in the strictest secrecy. They wear no badge, nor do they even carry a document show-ing that they are in any way connected with the service. Oftentimes months and months are taken in the detection of a single case, and when a man has been convicted of counterfeiting, or of passing convicted of counterfeiting, or of passing counterfeit money, he never is out from under the reach of our eyes. To show how successful we have been in suppressing counterfeits, I can tell you that we have not seen a new issue of bad money for over two years and a half. In that safe which you see there there are \$1,000.000 in counterfeit money and about \$22,000 in bad coin. This sample book, in which you see pasted bank and nation. in which you see pasted bank and national notes, with the word "bad" punched out in each contains \$25,000, and we The recent battles which he had fought and gained had made him famous of 2,500 criminals, perhaps ten per cent. throughout the land. We were prepared to see a warrior with "gold lace and plume," of noble carriage and fierce country and the collection. He is called the "king country and the collection. He is called the "king country and the collection." of counterfeiters," and occupies the first place in this album. Next to him are his two pals, Doyle, who passed the money, and Charles F. Smith, the most expert engraver of "crooked" work in the country. In all their operations clothes. There was not a subordinate around his headquarters that was not better dressed. Verily his name, "Rough and Ready," was appropriate. He was rather short in statue for his size and apparent weight, with a face that indicated stern decision and untiring energy. His features were not handsome, but by no means repulsize. A pleasant expression seemed to dwell there when he was off duty. His face gave no evidences of duty. His face gave no evidences of office, and Smith is living with his famioff duty. His face gave no evidences of cultivation. Shaggy eyebrows, rather a prominent nose and round face; if any landwarks of intelligence were even there. prominent nose and round face; if any landmarks of intelligence were ever there the rough camplife the old soldier had led for so many years had obliterated them. Gen. Taylor was a clumby rider, mounting and di-mounting his horse like counterfeit. The impression was a read to the reason was a clumby rider, mounting and di-mounting his horse like counterfeit. The impression was a read to the reason was a read to the re counterfeit. The impression was so good that the experts were unable to deter-mine whether the bonds were genuine or

counterfeit, and the matter was only decided when the government issue bear

ing the duplicate numbers came back for redemption. Smith also engraved what

s known as the Hamilton \$50 greenback,

and the \$100 note on different banks, which are the fluest known of these was played by one of Smith's confederates on R. H. White & Co., of Boston. A woman entered their store and looker at some very expensive shawls. Finally she made up her mind to take one, and tendered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The clerk took the money to the cashier, who sent it to the bank to find out whether it was genuine or not. The answer came that the bill was good beyond the shadow of a doubt. Then the clerk said that the shawl would be sent to the woman's hour afterward she returned, and told the large firms, but that she had been unable to find a shawl which suited her as well as the one she left in their establishment. and it was so nearly perfect that only s detection. Smith also engraved the plate bonds were printed, but we captured the entire issue on Doyle in Chicago, amounting in all to \$204,000. A curious thing about his arrest by our detectives was the fact that they took him, suspecting that he had the old counterfeit \$100 bills in his possession, when, imagine their surprise, they found a new bond. It will be several years before we shall have to look after Mr. Doyle again.

Mass. Here is a picture of George Albert Mason, a noted counterfeitor, who came from England to this country and engaged in this business. He was arrested, tried, convicted and served nine years in prison, but he is now at liberty and has sued the government for \$50,000 for felse imprisonment. by one was the last bate had batter be neither. When a young grid marries an old man for his money she has gone back on hearly, for money don't bring with a dead weight, helps, but movey helps and the season of the

entire collection are the bills which made their appearance about four years ago, executed with a pen entirely by hand. At first we thought that it must take a great amount of time for the rascal to turn out one of those bills, but now we think that he produces about one a week. Boston Traveller visited the headquarters of the Secret Service officials in the The denominations are fifties, twenties and tens, and they are turned into the treasury for redemption from all parts of the Union."

A DREAM.

Translated from the German by W. G.

After a long spell of sickness I was sitting, for the first time, at the window of my room. The ringing of the church bells reminded me of the Lord's day. I wished to go to God's house; this was impossible. I opened the sacred page, I closed my eyes, and in thought watched those who were walking to the charel

closed my eyes, and in thought watched those who were walking to the chapel. Suddenly methought I was at the chapel door, an unseen hand held me back. I felt the presence of a majestic being. I heard, "Child of man, God's mercy saved you from death; stop, think heard you enter how often your inatten. before you enter, how often your inatten-tion has desecrated these walls. Consid-

er the privilege of communion with God; do not force God to deprive you of that which you do not prize."

Feeling guilty, I cast down my eyes and heard that voice again, "I am the angel who collects the prayers of the saints, and presents them before God's throne. Come I will teach you here. throne. Come, I will teach you how to distinguish prayers which are accepted from those which are not." We entered the church; before us was the worship

ing congregation.
"Remember," remarked the angel. "al the unspoken real heart-prayers will seem to you as uttered in a loud voice. When the attention flags, and the thoughts com-mence to wander, you will notice the voices losing in volume till not a sound will strike your ear, should they even try

to pray at the top of their voices."

How strange! The organist is playing at the full strength of the organ. I hear not a note. The service opens. I hear only a faint murmur, every member's lips move, and all seem attentive. In many pows the silence of the grave reigns, a few hearts only voice their thanks to God. The paid choir, the best thanks to God. The paid choir, the best quartet in the city, arise to sing an anthem; not one chord comes to my listening ear, I see only the open mouths. Hark! I hear a child's clear voice praying, "Our Father." I look at his folded hands, his closed eyes. The angel opens his book and writes, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou has perfected praise."

chapter of Mathew. During the reading a poorly clad man steps in. His attention is attracted; he listens, he listens solemnly. He covers his face and cries out: "What will my doom be? God have mercy on me a processing the state of the covers have mercy or me a processing the state of the covers have mercy or me a processing the covers of the covers o have mercy on me a poor sinner." His words thunder in my ear, they drown the preacher's voice, no one else heard him. Now and then I hear levout, earnest Christian voices, then long intervals of Where, where are their

"Are you astonished?" questioned the angel. "I will give you the power of hearing thoughts."

I heard confused noises, a sound as of

many waters. The congregation outwardly appears devout. I hear many voices speaking at the same time. For some speaking at the same time. For some time it was impossible to distinguish the individual words. Listen! "Is it not a shame," thought one sister; "Mrs. Black is always late. What a bad example. Thank God, I am always punctual." Mrs. Black takes a seat, and looks around: "Ha, another new bonnet. I can't see how she can afford it. She has not paid for it. Um sure. Evan if my daughters. for it I'm sure. Even if my daughters don't dress so much, we pay our debts."
"Hello, there is Charles H.—," thinks a young man; "he is commencing to be pious. I wonder how long it will last."
Youder sits a merchant thinking of his profits, another calculates his possible losses. I notice a couple whose heart voices I had heard distinctly during the opening sovices, now the hearts are silent. opening sevices, now the hearts are slient. They are engaged to be married. Slowly, unconsciously the young man forgets God's house, his eyes glance towards the face of his beloved. "How good she is," speaks his thought, "how attentive, I am thankful that I gained her love." The young woman feels his eyes on her, her attention is distracted, she commences, "How he loves me! Even in Church he can't forget my presence." Suddenly, she stops, she prays to God to drive away the thoughts of things

earthly.

As the sermon grew in length the thought-talk on worldly subjects in-creased. One man is composing a letter. Another recalls a conversation, and conwhat was touched. With some awkward schoolboy gestures be managed to say "that he hoped that in private life we would make as brilliant records as we had in the service of our country," (or something very nearly to that effect,) and bade us farewell.—Letter in the Fort Worth, Tex., Gazette.

It Was Sent to Her House,

A certain protentious shopper after Mr. Doyle again.

Next to Smjth, the best engraver of solf in a more effectual manner. Young madens and think of them. Young ladies dwell in thought on the last time they saw their lovers, and long for the next visit. Saving housewives figure expenses. One sister concludes to dismiss her maid. Another settles back with satisfaction; them. The counterfeit is on the Morchants' national bank of New Bedford, Mass. Here is a picture of George wished to arouse the thoughts here may be a protuct of George. siders how he might have expressed him-Another settles back with satisfaction; she knows how to trim her dress. Many think of husbands and children. How I wished to arouse the thoughts, how my heart ached. Are there none who are conscious of God's house? Joy! I see tears of penitonce, tears of thankfulness steal down some cheek. I notice fright at wandering thoughts bringing some back to devout attention.

Among the six hundred present the real worshippers were few in number. I glance at the recording angel's tablets, only a few God-thoughts had he noted. He turned to me, "As these have done, so have you."